#### IS DEATH PAINFUL?

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M. A. From the Sunday Magazine.

Many people, through fear of death, are all

their lives subject to bondage. The questions— How shall we die? When shall we die? and Where shall we die? are continually worrying them. Indeed, there have been several suicides caused by this haunting terror of death. The thought of it made their lives insupportable, and they killed themselves in order to know the worst. And yet it is quite possible that in respect to the physical sensation of dying we reeemble Don Quixote, when he hung by his wrist from the stable window and imagined that a tremendous abyes yawned beneath his feet; Fate, in the character of Maritornes, cuts the thong with lightsome laughter, and the gallant gentleman falls-four inches!

When Louis XIV. lay dying "Why weep you?" he asked those who surrounded his deathbed. "Did you think I should live for ever?" Then, after a pause, "I thought dying had been harder." Dr. Hunter was another who was agreeably surprised by his experience of dying. His last words were: "If I had strength to hold a pen I would write down how rasy and pleasant a thing it is to die." A charming actress who had been twice almost drowned told a friend that dying was the nicest sensation that she knew. The late Archbishop of Canterbury, as his "agony" befell, quietly remarked; It is really nothing much after alt."

Hundreds of other last or nearly lest sayings of dying persons might be cited to prove the truth of Pliny's remark that the departure of the soul frequently takes place without pain, and sometimes even with pleasure. If the dead could come to life again, they would all, or nearly all, we have no doubt, tell us that Walt Whitman spoke the truth when he said that Whatever happens to anybody it will be turned to

And nothing can happen more beautiful than death. All goes outward and onward, nothing collapses?
And to the is different to what anybody supposed—

Every moment dies a man. Every moment one is born.

The first experience at least, in the case of death by old age-is as natural as the second; why should we think that it must necessarily e more painful? Certainly, if some men died and others did not, death might be considered an enemy; but being universal it cannot be.

He who bath bent him o'er the dea i fer the first day of death is fled, The first dark day of nothingness, The last of danger and distress, lefore becay's edaring impers Have swept the lines where beauty lingers, And marked the mild angelle air. The rapture of repose that's there

Have swept the lines where beauty lingers. And marked the milit angelic air.

The rapture of repose that's there—
he who hath done this can hardly fail to see evidence that in the case of the majority of people (most dead persons, even those who perish by violence, as, for instance, in battle, lave this expression of rest and peace, death is not painful, or, at least, not as painful as it is generally supposed to be. Perhaps, as there is said to be a sort of numbness winch takes hold of an animal (Livingstone felt it when in the grip of a lion) falling into the clutches of a beast of prey, so, by the arrangement of a merciful Providence, the swoop of the last enemy may have a narcotic effect upon its victim. I am, ayself, much of the opinion of the ancient thinker who said that "death, of all estimated evils, is the only one whose presence never incommoded anybody, and which only causes concern during its absence."

A man said to Socrates, "The Athenians have condemned you to death," "And Nature," he replied, "has condemned them." We do not think that death should be looked upon as the condemnation of nature, but rather as its happy release. This was the light in which Columbus viewed it. When he was old and chained in prison it was a relief to him to think that soon he would "sall forth on one last voyage." Though more happy in her life than the great discoverer, the famous mathematician, Mrs. Somerville, could thus speak of the same voyage: "The Blue Peter has long been flying at my foremast, and now that I am in my ninery-second year I must soon expect the sizual for sailing. It is a solemn voyage, but it does not disturb my tranquility. I trust in the infinite mercy of my Almighty Creator."

By the ancient Greeks death was considered simply as a destroyer. To them it was the last and most bitter of foes. Achilies in Hades asys to Odysseus: "Nay, speak not comfortably to me of death. Rather would fount that are no more." The Crhistian is saved from this" inward horror of falling into naught." To him death is

Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas. Page after warre, death after life, doth greatly please

"Witness: J. G. Smither, Benj. Campbell."

The only thing that remained to be done was to secure the instant parcian of George pardon for a crime of which he was not guilty. The man who is unjustly made to serve a term in the State prison has no recourse, even when his innocence has been established. Nothing whatever is done for the prisoner, and when George left the walls of the Huntswille penitentiary he could only show a head howed with sorrow and disgrace, an emaclated frame, and a slip of paper declaring that the Governor of Texas had pardoned a convict.

Immediately after leaving the penitentiary Mr. George returned to his old home in Fayette county, where he was warmly welcomed by the

Sleep after toyle, port after stormy seas.

Ease after warre, death after life, doth greatly please.

"I look upon death," says Franklin, "to be as necessary to our constitution as sleep. We shall rise refreshed in the morning."

"Death once dead, there's no more dying then." It is a friend and not an enemy, coming, as it does, from the love that loves on to the endless end. One by one God calls those bound to us by natural and endearing ties into His slience; He prepares a home and kindred for us yonder, while baring life for us here; and thus, in His tenderness, He delivers us from the fear of death. For many, when the "last enemy" comes to shake his insolent spear in their face, Agag's question is their answer: "Surely the bitterness of death is passed."

"When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." When Bunvan in his immortal allegory draws a picture full of pathos and dignity, of Christian and Hopeful wading through deep waters to the Celestial City, he puts these words into Hopeful's lips to soothe the tremors of his friend. Every day thousands of God's true servants are sustained in their last earthly experience by being able to realize this Presence.

When death is hitter it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remores than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can searchly experience by being able to realize this presence.

When death is hitter it is so, as a general rule, far more by reason of anxiety and remores than from physical causes. A man, for instance, can scarcely die easily if he is leaving a widow and family for whom provision has not been made. The medical man who attended Oliver Goldsmith in his last hour asked him if there was anything on his mind, as he could not account for his temperature being so high. The poet admitted that there was. Debt was upon his mind. To some it is riches and not poverty that render death painful. When Garriek showed to Dr. Johnson his palatial residence, the latt

# Think not I dread to see my spirit fly Through the dark gates of fell mortality; beath has no terrors where the life is true; 'Tis living ill that makes us fear to die.

"Tis living ill." and not parsons, that makes people fear to die.

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A minister in a remote part of Scotland was once visiting the deathbed of an aged member of his congregation. "Well, my friend," said the minister. "how do you feel yourself to-day?" "Very weel, sir." was the calm and solemn answer. "Very weel, but just a wee hit confused with the flittin." If even a good man is in this way confused with the flittin, how can those who in youth and health and strength have never given a thought to that part of life's business which consists in preparing to leave it—how can they expect to be calm and collected on their deathbeds, and to have peace at the last?

John Wesley was once asked by a lady: "Suppose you knew that you were to die at 12 o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied, "why, just as i intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at 5 to-morrow murning. After that I should ride to "Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies it the evening. I should then repoir to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my bed at 10 o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, he down to rest, and wake up in glory." The way to have peace at the last is long before to take Jesus as our individual Saviour and try to serve Him, not in some extraordinary way, but in our ordinary every-day life.

The mother of the poet Goethe, who was a strong-minded and humorous woman, happened to receive an invitation to a party when on her

in some extraordinary way, but in our ordinary every-day life.

The mother of the poet Goethe, who was a strong-minded and humorous woman, happened to receive an invitation to a party when on her deathbed from some one who did not know that she was ill. She thus replied to it: "Madame Goethe is sorry that she cannot accept your invitation, as she is engaged dying." It is not only when we come to our deathbeds that we are engaged dying. It is a physiological fact that death borders upon our birth, and that our cradie stands in the grave.

From hour to hour we ripe and ripe.

## From hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot.

In this sense we all "die daily," whether we like it or not. Well for those who can use these words in the higher sense in which St. Paul used them—who can feel that they are ready to die every day they live. This was the aim of the Christian soldier. Havolock, who said: "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." Let us think for a moment of the view which He who is the Example of a godly life, and therefore of a godly death, took of departing from this world. One of the seven last sayings of Jesus from the cross was: "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit." It is the fire, spottaneous, unhesitating surrender of

One who did not look upon death as an irresistible necessity, but as something that comes from LAKE CITIES TO BE SAFER.

One who was a something that comes from a Father's love.

This was the feeling which enabled the American General, Stonewall Jackson, to die as he did. When told that he had only about two hours to live he answered: "Very good; it is all right. Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—" Presently a smile of ineffacile sweetness aprend itself over his pale face, and he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed away. We should all be able to pass over the dark river of death bravely if we hoped and trusted as truly as did this Christian soldler, to rest under the Tree of Life upon the other side.

IN DEATH PAINFUL? to DEATH PAISFUL?

So live that when thy summons comes to Join The innumerable caravan, which moves to that mysterious realm where each shall take Bis chamber in the Silent Halis or Death, Thom go not, like the quarry slave at night, sourged robis dungeou, not sustained and sooth by an unfaitering trust, approach thy grave as one who wriges the dripery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FOR ANOTHER'S CRIME.

necusation, Sharpe made the following death-bed confession:

"Hentsville, Tex., Sept. 26.—I, H. M. Sharpe conscious of approaching death and fully appreciation the ract that I must die in a very short time, make the following statement with regard to the murder of one E. Konesick in Fayette county, Tex., five years ago: The killing occurred in a little grocery store, which also had a barreson connection. A. L. George was not in the barreson connection. A. L. George was not in the barreson connection. A. Little fing and had no connection whatever with the murder. I fired the pistol myself that killed Konesick. The killing was the result of an altercation between myself and Konesick. I had stopped at the grocery store to get something to cat, and walls there got into the difficulty with Konesick and killed him as above stated, and under oat sign my name.

"Witness: J. G. Smither, Benj. Campbell."

The only thing that remained to be done was

ounty, where he was warmly welcomed by the county, where he was warmly welcomed by the very citizens who had before turned against him on account of his seeming guilt. He re-mained there only a short time, and then moved to Leonard, Tex., in Fannir county.

George Gave Five Years and Nearly Lost Bis Life.

LAKE CITIES TO BE SAFER.

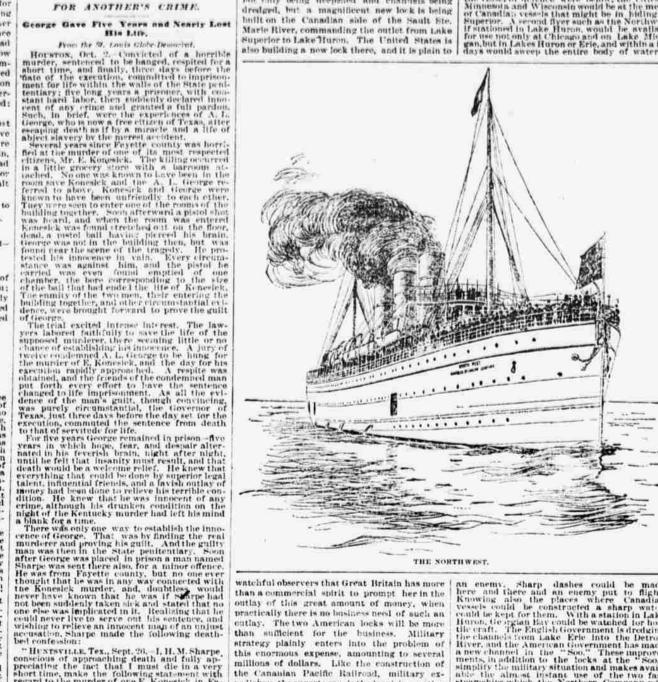
A THIN-SCREW SIEAMSHIP SIMPLIFIES A NAVAL PROBLEM.

The Northwest, with its Speed and Bimessions, Makes as Auxiliary Cruiser that Could Sweep the Lakes in Case of Warand Bring Relief to the Cities.

United States Senator Higgins of Delaware, in his notable address at Ogdensburg on Sept. 21 of this year, on the relations between this country and Canada, said:

"The American people are not blind to the fact that, with the deepening of the Canadian canals, British gunboats can at any time, within a few days and in anticipation of a declaration of war, be put on the great lakes and hold our cities there to ransom or devastation."

Senator Higgins, according to naval experts, might have added that Great Britain is not blind to that fact either, for the Canadian canals are not only being deepened and channels being dredged, but a magnificent new lock is being built on the Canadian side of the Sault Ste. Marte River, commanding the outlet from take Superior to Lake Huron. The United States is also building a now lock there, and it is plain to



watchful observers that Great Britain has more than a commercial subtit to prompt her in the outling of this great amount of money, when manifest the series has been seen seed of acid an embedding the sufficient for the business. Milliary strategy plainly eaters into the problem of this commons expense, amounting to several millions of dollars. Like the construction of the more and the control of the construction of the construction of the construction of the construction of the subtiling of this public work.

It is well known also that thoughtful citizens who live on the great lakes have been much districted the construction of the understang of this public work.

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# Somewhat Like Home.

From the Detroit Free Press.

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The man from Kansas was making a trip across the Atlantic, and during the passage the weather was extremely boisterous. One morning when it was blowing great guns the Kansan appeared on deck. Nobody was in sight except the Captain.

"Go below there!" he shouted.
The passenger looked around to see who he was talking to.

"You mean me?" he yelled back when he saw there was no one che in sight.

"Of course I do; go below." and the Captain came alongside.

"Well, I guess not," protested the Kansan.
"I'm up here to see how one of your 'mountain-high' waves and 'terrific gales' compares with what we have in Kansas in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patch to what I've seen our way."

Before the Captain could ofter further objection a big green wave came curing over the place where the passenger stood and the next thing he knew he was swept off his feet and carried aft over ropes and loosts and all the paraphenalia of a ship's deck and landed in a heap in one corner, where he was saved from being washed overshoard. When they got him out he had a broken leg, a twisted shoulder, a sprained wrist, his fare looked as if it had been dragged backward through a briar patch, and he was unconscious. They carried him to the Captain's room, and after much effort restored him to consciousness. He gazed around a minute in hew ilderment, and his eyes feil on the Captain.

"Hy gravy, Cap," he said feebly, "that reminded ine of home, only it was a dern night wetter."

THE HOP PICKERS EXODUS.

WILD SCENES TO CELEBRATE THE END OF THE HARVEST.

Their "Booze" is Peculiar to Them, and Maddening Black Selvie and Her Lawtees Subjects Scenes on a Train Carrying Departing Hop Pickers.

With the end of September comes the finish of hep picking. The hop pickers having collected the money owing to them feel themselves lords of the earth, and proceed to take possession of such of it as is within reach. They have gathered from all the nooks and crannics of contiguous creation; from the huts of the forest districts and the slums of great centres, from the docks of crowded ports and the steeps of lonely mountains, from farm and from factory, to garner the odorous crop. There are Italians and Germans, Swedes and Greeks, Irish and Chinese, wanderers from everywhere and vagabonds from nowhere, who have swarmed into the hop fields for this festival of labor, and now that their labor is over they are preparing to celebrate fittingly.
Unaccustomed to steady employment as many

of the vagabond erew are, they have worked steadily for a fortnight or three weeks; for what reason or by what incentive they themselves could hardly tell. Now and then a hop-dance has enlivened their epirits, and always they have had the stimulating influence of their "bonze," as it is called, to help them through the weary hours. Hop pickers' "booze," it may be stated, is a mixture of poor sleohol and water, and for enlivening purposes it cannot be beaten. If the most desicented mammy of the oldest Pharaoli were treated with this beverage it would break out of its case and perform a clog dance. Moreover, this hoose is a chean drink, and by its use a man can become more deeply, devil ship, and oblefully drunk at a smaller cost than by imbiling any other known liquid or combination of liquids. Long and continuous use of the lance, however, has hardened the pickers, and they can, without un duly uproarious consequences, ston away quantities of it which would produce in the brain of a novice a series of living pictures, mainly reptilian and infernal, such as to call for hospital or

gold-cure treatment.
On this beverage, then, the hep pickers do their work and spend a cutall portion of their money. Little else is there to spend money on, for their living, where they board themselves, cosis them only 15 cents a day, and as for lodging, they find the barns of their employers sufsciently comfortable, sleeping side by side, closer packed than in a 15-cent lodging house on the Bowery; in some cases without regard to sex. As a good hop picker can make from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day, he is apt to have a tidy little sum to show for his forthight of work when at the end of the season he comes to draw his wages in a lump. Most of the pickers draw only enough during working time to live on and buy "beoze" with. Some idea of the amount of money paid out to pickers may be gained when it is stated that the week before last a bank in a small village in the hop country paid out \$0,000 a day for six days, os per cent, of which went to the hop yards,

With their money in their pockets and the joyous feeling that the work is over, the pickers prepare for new pastures. Some of them go to their homes, others start for New Jersey or



BADGES OF THE PICKERS. Connecticut, to be there in season for the cranberry picking, while others set out without any definite goal, intending to so .com place to place until their money gives out. In one purpose, however, all are united to make the exodus a glorious celebration, and as celebration and booze are invariable concomitants, the depart-ure of the hop pickers is apt to be more than lively. On the night of the last day of picking the pickers all assemble in the village. The inhabitants lock themselves in their houses, while an extra constabulary, especially sworn in for the occasion wanders about town and furnishes amusement to the pickers, who merrily chase it stround with cinbs and stones, and, having caught it, proceed to make sport of it in much the same manner as a crowd of college sophomores amuse themselves with any unfortunate freshman who may fall into their clutches. If the town history of Oriskany Falls were everwritten, it would include a chapter telling how the village woke up one morning to find its three special constables on the ridge pole of the big woollen mill tied up in hop vines and unable to move, while a large placard, inscribed with a skull and bones and this legend showed the cause of their peculiar position:

This is the Police who was 60in to Lock up the Hop an extra constabulary, especially sworn in for the

skull and bones and this legend showed the cause of their peculiar position:

This is the Police who was Goin to Lock up the Hop pikers, and This is What the Hop pikers Due to Them. Signed.

Consurrer row the Police who was Goin to Lock up the Hop pikers, and This is What the Hop pikers Due to Phanks.

Naturally when the crop is harvested and the pickers ready to go the village people are equally ready to have them depart. Never are parting guests more heartily and thankfully spect. Arrangements with the railreads have been made beforehand to take the hop gang at special rates, their tickets have been bought, and all that they have to do is to load themselves on the train and let the railread company do the rest. This process of loading was witnessed as fortnight ago by a SUN reporter who was on a train that stopped at a small village in Madison county for a delegation of hop pickers. As the train drew in at the station it was greeted with a chorus of yells that would have done credit to a band of Cheyennes. The trainmen came running through the carelocking the doors behind them. Open flew all



old, who, perched upon the shoulders of two men, waved a bright-reloved handkerchief as the train pulled in and shouted to the gang, who seemed to pay some heed to her words as to one in authority:

"Save me the middle seat, boys, Jump on there, ye hard devils, test on board, I tell ye."

A rosh for the train followed, although the cars were still moving at a good pace. Pushed from behind by their drunken companions the foremost of the pickers grabbed for the railines and clambered, cravled, and scrambled aboard as best they could. It was a case of get on the train or be pushed under the wheels. There were two empty cars at the rear, but the leaders tried the car next to those. It was locked.

"Smash it in, they dissent keep us out," screamed the girl from her perch on the men's shoulders. She seemed to see everything.

"Smash it in: Black Sylvie save smash it in:" yelled the crowt."

A big picker stepped back and lifted his foot, Before he could drive it through the window a rainman caught him and sent him whirling off the platforia.

"None of that," the railroad man shouled to the others. "The back car is for you."

"Kill the — brakeman," called the girl from below, but the brakeman," called the grif from below, but the brakeman," called the girl from below, but the brakeman," called the gompanions, also with claus, so the pickers didn't



A GENERAL DISCUSSION.

foliow this inflammatory advice. Instead they jected their fallen companion, who picked himself up and followed the rest into the car reserved for them.

Acantime those of the crowd who were not pushint and lighting to get into the cars were amusing themselves in giving the passengers. An old gentleinan who was looking with amazed interest at Binck Sylvie attracted that young lady attention.

'Get onto that old guy piping me off,' she exclaimed. "Watch me neil him!"

Pulling a bette from the pocket she let it fly at the window. It struck over the old gentleman's bead, which was promptly withdrawn as a shower of fragments came down upon it. All the windows on that sale of the train closed promptly. Then the girl signified her intention of getting aboard. Sliding from the shoulders of her beavers she walked toward the platform. As-she reached it a very drunken picker, in attempting to climb on beard, slipped, struck his face on the step and scraped the skin off for the space of an inch. Then occurred a little incident that showed the temper of that brutal mob. The girl bent over the prestrate man.

"Ah there, Merrick," she cried, gayly. "Got a scrape-off, ehr. I lif in; if or you."

She caught up a handful of cinders from the track and pressed them upon the raw flesh of the man's face. As the poor wretch howled with pain she laughed uproariously, and all the other pickers joined in. One of the trainmen turned to another and said:

"That woman is too had for hell. If there's any worse place she'll go there."

Finally all the pickers were aboard, some of them, who were too drunk to walk, having been carried in on the shoulders of their companions. These were stowed away like bags on the floor of the car. The doors of the other cars being opened, The Sex reporter went into the pickers car. A seat in the centre had been reserved for Black Sylvie, around which a dozen or more of the men gathered, evidently willing slaves of her beauty and brutal andacity. Seating herself, she stretched out at full length across the se

sent and called for a cigar, on which she puffed contentedly.

"Grame a bottle, one of you fellers," she called. "I threw mine at that old stiff in the window. Didn't hit him, either."

A dozen bottles of booze were thrust toward her. After a deep draught she burst into a song, giving to it all the power of a fine contraito voice. Somewhere back of her a banjo took up the accompaniment with very pretty effect. But the words of that song! They would have put the lowest dive of Mulberry Bend to the blush. In the several stanzas which the girl sang there was not a single line that could be reproduced in print. At the conclusion howls of delight greeted the performance. The singer refused with ribald emphasis to repeat the song and settled down to a context of repartee with her admirers. This was interrupted by a song from the further end of the Car, of which one stanza ran:

Hold the cork, the bottle's empty, Where'll we get it filled r Roun' the corner, up to Murphy's, Yes, by —, we will.

Yes, by — we will.

"Shove the jag! Shove the jag!" shouted a score of voices when the song was over, and the reporter had an opportunity of seeing a characteristic game of the pickers. The rules of the name are simple. A bottle of booze was started from one end of the car. From hand to hand it went, each person taking a nip. When but one swallow remained the man to whose



Arrangements with the recomments along a rates, their lickets have been bought, and all that they have to do is to load themselves of the rest. This processor pointing conquent do a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was a fortuight ago by a Nr. reporter who was recised with a chorus of pright and the processor of the car, and should be a series of the car, and should be a series of the car, and and the car focking the doors behind them. Open few all teams of the car, and all the car fortuined indefinitely. It might have been on this content began to report the car and the consequent discussion a fortuit of the car, and the car and the car

#### KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleaning the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

### A LITTLE GIRL STOWAWAY.

Bound to Go from San Francisco to Mel-bourne, and She Went. From the San Francisco Examiner.

There was a stowaway on the steamer Mone wai when she left port on her last trip to Sydnev, who became the pet of the passengers before the voyage was ended. It was a little girl, who gave the name of Rebecca Levy, and said that she wanted to go to her parents but could

not pay her fare. The Monowai was late leaving the dock on her outward voyage, waiting for mails delayed by the strike, and it was long after dark before her lines were cast off. Next morning, when the big gong announced breakfast, Capt. Carey was descending from the bridge when he was met at the foot of the stairs by a pretty little girl whe showed traces of seasickness. She stopped him and bluntly told him that she was a stowawsy. "I know I have no right to be here." she said, but I want to go to my mother in Australia,

and I am willing to work for my fare."

Capt. Carey was puzzled. There was no work on the ship the girl could do, and, besides, he was doubtful of her story. He had a sus icion that some of the passengers were attempting to carry their child through without paying her fare, and he questioned the girl closely.

She said her father and mother and herself

lived in Melbourne until about two years before, when they all went to San Francisco. Her father was a shoe trimmer, but work became so slack in Australia, that it was with difficulty he could keep bread in the mouths of his family

father was a shoe trimmer, but work became so slack in Australia that it was with difficulty be could keep bread in the mouths of his family without drawing on their little reserve fund that he, by years of hard toil, had managed to put away in a savings bank. Finally matters became so bad that he decided to strike out anew, and drawing his money from the bank he purchased tickets for himself and wife and daughter for San Francisco.

In America the little stowaway's father fared worse. Then the father wore to friends he had left in the Australian colonies for assistance. They sent him some money, but it was sufficient only to pay the fares of the father and mother back to Melbourne, where the head of the unfortunate family had work awaiting him. The little stowaway was left in the care of distant relatives until the father could send for her. The girl had a good home for a couple of months, until the people she was stopping with began to quarrel. The quarrel ripeued into a general family fight, with the result that the some was broken up. The family separated and left the city, and Just before the "unele," as she called her guardian, left for the East he gave ber S2, and told her to "shift for herself." She was alone in a strange city and without a friend, and for two or three days before the steamer sailed she spent her time about the dock watching the great iron ship, the only tie between the poor outeast and her mother far across the sea. How she longed to go on board and ask to be taken to her home, but the stern man at the gangplank awed her.

At least the sailing day came, and bright and early the little outcast was at the wharf. Soon passengers began to go on beard, and the face of the watchman was wreathed in smiles. He was not such an awful being now, and she thought she could get past him. Twice she tried it, but her course falled her. A nickel was all the morey she had left, and she was hungry. She was beginning to wonder what her fate would be when there came a crush at the gard on the stoory. The h

## To Help Sick Women.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done for me.

"I was so bad with falling of the wom: and Leucorrhœa that I could not stand.

"I had doctored se much without benefit

I was entirely discouraged. I expected to die.

"One evening I read in the Herald' about this medicine. I went to the druggist, got some, and took 2 bottles of the Compound, and used one of the Sanative Wash.

"I am now well and strong, am never troubled with either of the complaints. If more women would use Mrs. Pinkham's medicines there would be less suffering in the world."

- Mrs. Ida Casler, 126 Olive St., Syracuse, N. Y.